

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

*Exeunt*

*Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*

*Rich.* Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone,  
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,  
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,  
Wee't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,  
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*They Fight. Warwick comes, Clifford flies.*

*Rich.* Nay Warwick, single out some other Chace,  
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.

*Exeunt*

*Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.*

*Hen.* This battell fards like to the mornings Warre,  
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,  
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
For'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,  
For'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.

Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:

Now, one the better: then, another best;

Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:

Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.

So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.

Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,

To whom God will, there be the Victorie:

For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too

Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,

They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;

For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.

Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,

To be no better then a homely Swaine,

To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,

To carue out Dialls quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:

How many makes the Houre full compleate,

How many Houtes brings about the Day,

How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,

How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.

When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:

So many Houtes, must I tend my Flocke;

So many Houtes, must I take my Rest:

So many Houtes, must I Contemplate:

So many Houtes, must I Sport my selfe:

So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:

So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:

So many yeares, ere I shall theere the Fleece:

So Minutes, Houtes, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,

Past ouer to the end they were created,

Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.

Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?

Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade

To Shepheards, looking on their filly Sheepe,

Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie

To Kings, that feare their Subjects treacherie?

Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

And to conclude, the Shepheards homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,  
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,  
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
His bodie couched in a curious bed,  
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

*Alarm. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.*

*Son.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,  
And I that (haply) take them from him now,  
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,  
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:  
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.

From London, by the King was I prest forth,

My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,

Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:

And I, who at his hands recei'd my life,

Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.

Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:

And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.

My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:

And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

*King.* O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!

Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,

Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.

Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,

And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,

Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.

*Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.*

*Fa.* Thou that so stoutly hath chastised me,

Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:

For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.

But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.

Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,

Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,

Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart,

O pittie God, this miserable Age!

What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?

Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,

This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?

O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*King.* Wo aboute woe: greefe, more the common greet

O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:

O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:

The Red Rose and the White are on his face,

The fatall Colours of our struiuing Houses:

The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,

The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:

Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:

If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

*Son.* How will my Mother, for a Fathers death

Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*Fa.* How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,

Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*King.* How will the Country, for these wofull chances,

*Mis-thinke*

Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?

*Son.* Was euer Sonne, so rewd a Fathers death?

*Fa.* Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?

*Hen.* Was euer King so green'd for Subjects woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

*Fa.* These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go,

My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, haue no more;

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

He beare thee hence, and let them fight that will.

For I haue murder'd where I should not kill.

*Hen.* Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;

Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.*

*Prim.* Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed Bull:

Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.

*Qu.* Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-

maine:

*Edward and Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Haueing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands

Are at our backs, and therefore hence amaine.

*Exit.* Away: for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, Ile away before.

*Hen.* Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go

Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

*Exeunt*

*A loud alarm. Enter Clifford Wounded.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out; I heere it dies,

Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,

More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:

My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,

Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke;

And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?

And who shines now, but Henries Enemies?

O Phoebe! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,

That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,

Thy burning Carre neuer had scorcht the earth.

And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,

They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flies:

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,

Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,

And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.

For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:

No way to flye, nor strength to hold our fight:

The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie:

For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie.

The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effate of blood, doth make me faint:  
Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest,  
I stab'd your Fathers bolsones; Split my brest.

*Alarm & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.*

*Ed.* Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,

And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:

Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,

That led calone Henry, though he were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust

Command an Argosie to flie the Wailes.

But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

(For though before his face I speake the words)

Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue.

And wherefore he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford groans*

*Rich.* Whose soule is that which takes hir deauy leaue?

A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

*Ed.* And now the Battailles ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently fled.

*Rich.* Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,

But set his murthering knife vnto the Roote,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

*War.* From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:

In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,

Measure for measure, must be answered.

*Ed.* Bring forth that fatal Schreechowe to our house,

That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boarding tongue, no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke is vnderstanding is bereft:

Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,

And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

*Rich.* O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfet,

Because he would auoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

*Cl.* If so thou think'st,

Vex him with eager Words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

*Ed.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.

*Cl.* While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou did'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

*Edw.* Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee.

*Cl.* Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee Clifford,

Swear as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard

When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,

That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose vnslanched thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie.

*War.* I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.

And now to London with Triumphant march,